



2 of 6



AXELROD
NAHUEL PAN
LUCAS

DAWN OF
DC

HAWKGIRL



13+
TEEN

WHO IS BRUCE WAYNE?

BATMAN

VOL. 2:
THE BAT-MAN OF GOTHAM

Written by
CHIP ZDARSKY

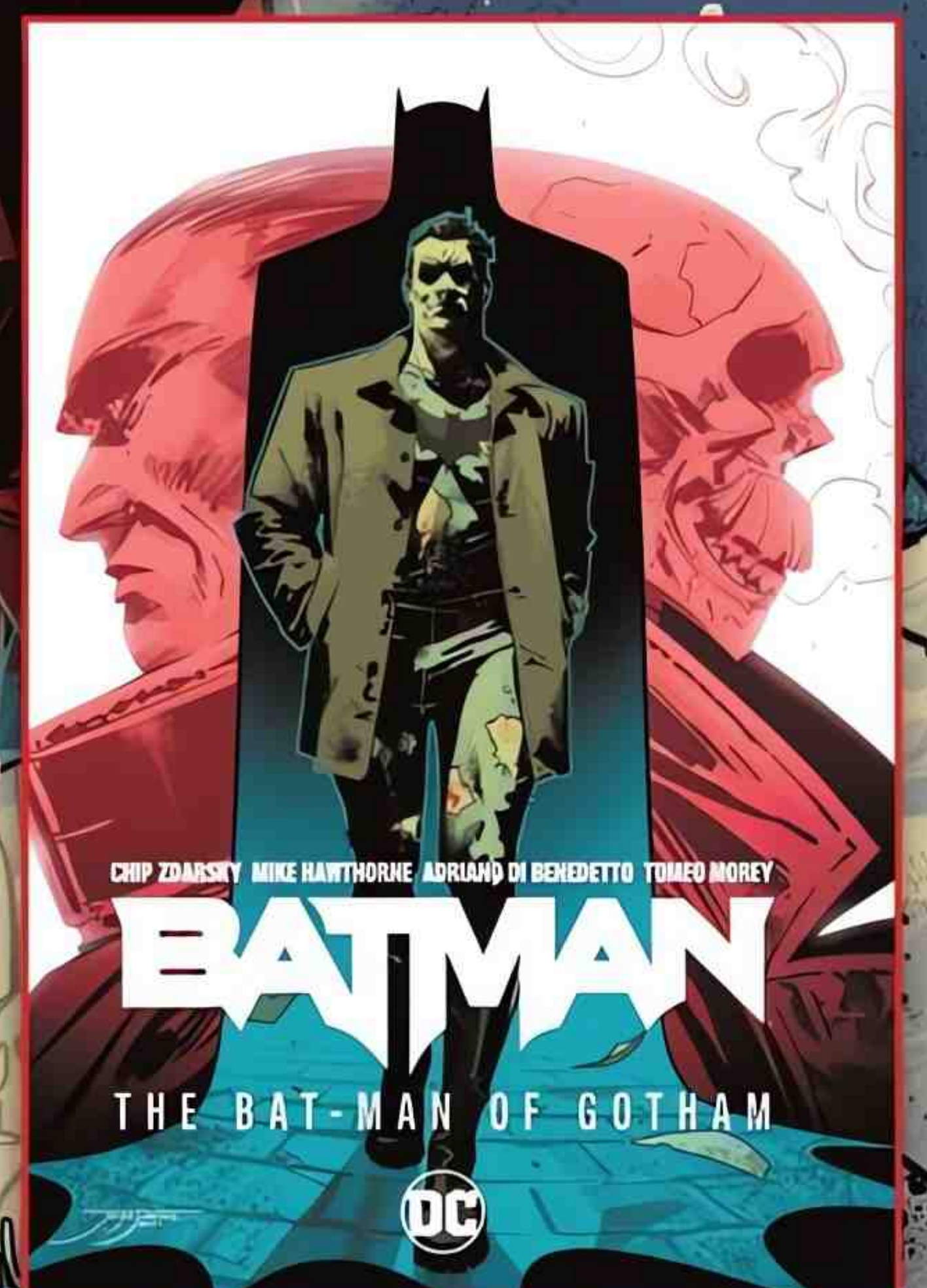
Art by
MIKE HAWTHORNE

Cover by
JORGE JIMENEZ

*"It's a huge and epic idea at work here,
and the creative team pulls it off" —AIPT*



AUGUST



Metropolis.
Last night.

THIS MUST
BE SO GREAT
FOR YOU.
RUSHING IN
TO BE THE
HERO.

HAULING YOU
OUT OF YET ANOTHER
DRINKING ESTABLISHMENT
AND PAYING ANOTHER
EXORBITANT BAR TAB IS
NOT MY IDEA OF A
GOOD TIME, NO.

DON'T LIE TO ME,
CYRIL. YOU LOVE BEING
THE GOOD TWIN. YOU
LOOOOOOOOVE
IT.

MEBBE YOU
CAN LOOK AT ME
AND THINK, "WELL,
I'M MISERABLE, BUT
AT LEAST I'M DOING
BETTER THAN MY
TWIN."

There is a tale
from long ago,
about a dog with
a joint of meat.

I'M NOT ANSWERING THE PHONE
NEXT TIME, STEWART.

The dog was taking
the meat home, and
to do so crossed a
narrow bridge over
a quiet stream.

The dog happened
to look down and
see himself reflected
in the water.

There, clear as day,
was another dog
who also had some
meat in his mouth.

Oh, YOU'LL
ANSWER. YOU'LL
ANSWER BECAUSE
THAT'S WHAT YOU
DO, IN BETWEEN
BEING A SAD
SACK AND NOT
#@£\$ YOUR
WIFE.

YOU SHUT
YOUR DAMN
MOUTH!

AT LEAST I'M
HONEST--

GENTLE-
MEN! IF I
MAY...?

And then...

...HONESTY HAS
ALWAYS BEEN
OVERRATED.

...along
came a fox.

Metropolis
Fifty years ago.

BIG BORG

"That dog in the river has a bigger bone than you," the fox said.

"That hardly seems fair. If you want it, you should take it. You can't get anywhere in life if you accept what you have."

The dog looked at his own reflection, and seeing that the mirrored meat did indeed look bigger, dived in to take it from the other dog.

A race car.

A puppy.

This begs the question, when the dog looked in the stream, didn't he see himself? Or did he truly look into his own reflection and see nothing he recognized?

Metropolis.
Now.

THINK YOUR BROTHER WILL WIN?

STEWART ALWAYS WINS THESE RACES. HE'S A WINNER. ALWAYS HAS BEEN, EVEN WHEN WE WERE KIDS. HE'S THE GOOD TWIN.

IS THAT JEALOUSY I HEAR?

IT IS A PERFECT DAY FOR RACING! COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER WAY TO BEGIN THE **COAST CITY 500!**

NOT A BIT. THE MOMENT I MARRIED YOU, I GOT **EVERYTHING** I'VE EVER WANTED.

RACERS ARE LINING UP--
WHAT'S THIS?!

SOME STRANGE MONSTER IS ON THE TRACK!

In the end, it didn't matter. The dog lost his meat in the stream.

And the only one who got fed was the fox.



I CAN STAY!

YOU NEED TO GO! YOU HAVE AN **EXAM** TODAY!

IT'S TORTS. I **KNOW** TORTS.

YOU STILL HAVE TO TAKE THE TEST! DO YOU WANT YOUR MOM TO STOP PAYING OUR RENT?



NO. YES.

MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A LITTLE KID.

YOU'RE A **BIG STRONG ADULT WOMAN** AND I LOVE YOU, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE **LATE FOR SCHOOL**.



WHAT ABOUT... OUR **SLEEPOVER GUEST**?

I THINK SHE'LL BE OKAY. TOOK ALL NIGHT, BUT I WAS ABLE TO DISSIPATE WHATEVER WAS ATTACKING HER. THE ENERGY IN HER WINGS WAS...

...I don't know how to describe it.



DON'T LET YOUR WEIRD SUPERHERO GIRLFRIEND'S WEIRD SUPERHERO LIFE KEEP YOU FROM GRADUATING. I CAN HANDLE IT.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR **JOB**?



My shift's covered.

YOU GOT FIRED **AGAIN**, DIDN'T YOU?

ARMORED FIREBALLS WERE ATTACKING! **WINGED WOMEN** WERE FALLING FROM THE SKY! I COULDN'T MAKE **LATTES** AT A TIME LIKE **THAT!**



I'LL FIND A NEW JOB. **PROMISE**. GO TAKE YOUR EXAM.

AND YOU'RE **SURE** YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT? WE BARELY KNOW WHO SHE IS.

SHE WAS IN TROUBLE AND SHE CAME TO US FOR HELP. THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW. **ANYWAY...**

"...SHE'S JUST
ONE WOMAN."

WILL
YOU ALL
JUST LEAVE ME
ALONE?!



The Whipping Girl.

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BLUE BEETLE VARIANT COVER BY
Kaare Andrews



I THOUGHT
TWO LIVES WOULD BE
ENOUGH! TWO LIVES THAT
WERE **GENETICALLY THE
SAME**, NO LESS! BUT IT'S
NOT EVEN CLOSE,
MAUREEN!

FOR ME
TO GENERATE A
PORTAL BACK TO THE
NTH WORLD, I'M GOING
TO NEED HUNDREDS,
IF NOT **THOUSANDS**,
OF IDENTICAL LIVES!
WHERE AM I GOING
TO GET **THAT**?

MMRRROOWWWW

CERTAINLY,
CLONING IS
ALWAYS AN OPTION.
DR. DONOVAN
DOES OWE ME
A FAVOR...

...BUT THAT WAS
THE **LAST** OF OUR NTH
METAL! EVEN IF WE HAD
THE **LIVES**, WE HAVE NO
WAY TO SUFFUSE THEM
WITH **NTH WORLD
ESSENCE**!

KRS SHH

KRS SHH

WELL, NOW.
AREN'T YOU TWO
CURIOUS? I BET
WE COULD FIND A
USE FOR YOU. NO
NEED FOR THE DAY
TO BE A **TOTAL
WASTE**.

IT **NEVER** WAS SAID
THAT **VULPECULA**
GIVES UP EASILY.

LET'S
SEE WHAT
HAVOC
WE CAN
CREATE.



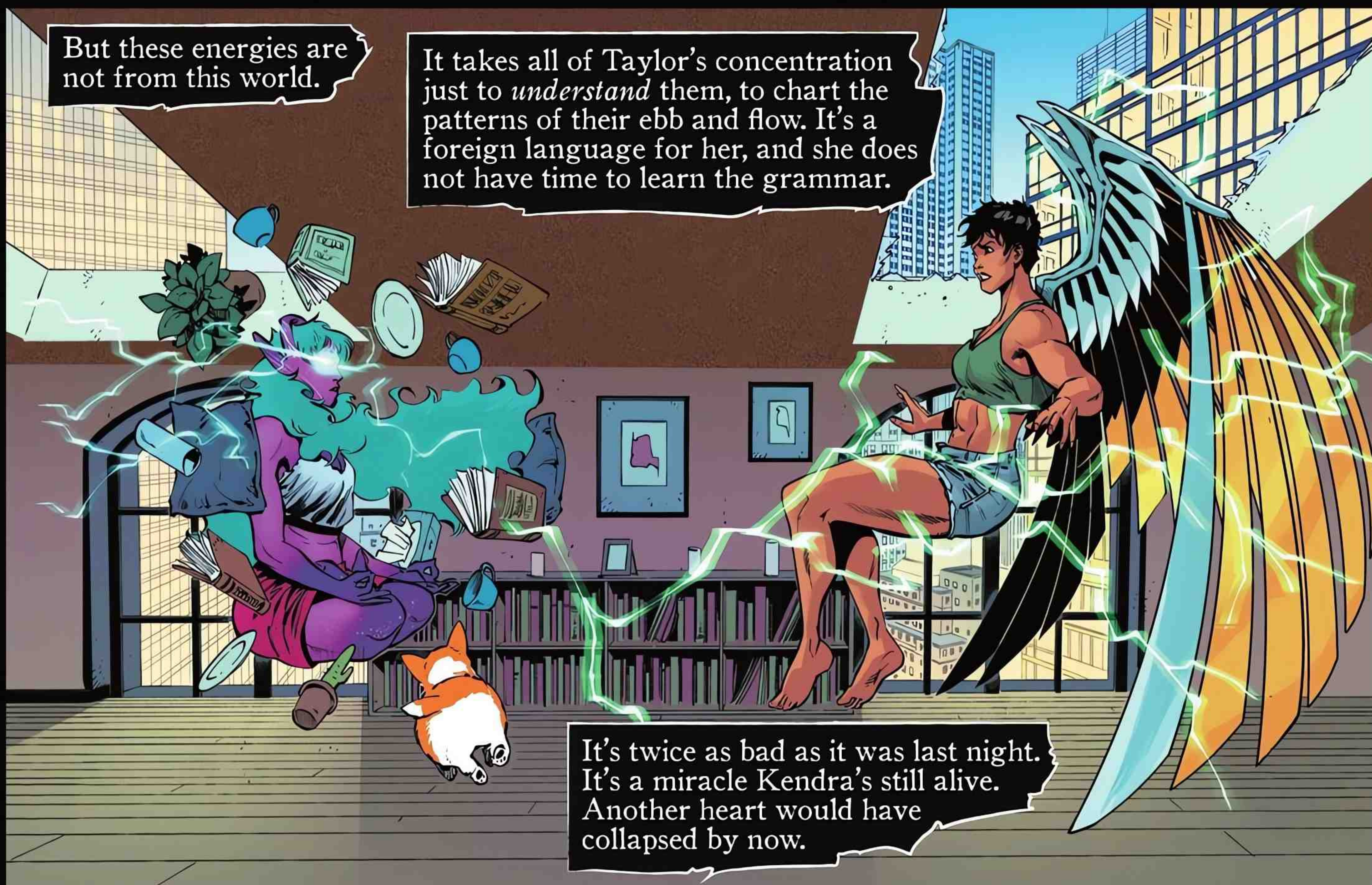
Taylor Barzelay
is used to chaos.

She can perceive and
manipulate the energy
around her. Heat, light,
electricity, gravity,
motion, sound--



--all of it swirling
around in a dance with
no rhythm or meter.

She has learned,
through years of
practice, to turn
this chaos into
order. To bend
the energies of
this world to her
will and make a
symphony out of
cacophony.



But these energies are
not from this world.

It takes all of Taylor's concentration
just to *understand* them, to chart the
patterns of their ebb and flow. It's a
foreign language for her, and she does
not have time to learn the grammar.

It's twice as bad as it was last night.
It's a miracle Kendra's still alive.
Another heart would have
collapsed by now.



Almost like there's
something in her
body protecting her.

The problem is that Kendra's wings and body are separate. The strange energy here is rushing into the gap between them, like salt into an open wound.

All Taylor needs to do is close the gap, and then Kendra's body will fight what's going on with her wings. The cold metal will warm with her strength.

Taylor seals the wound between body and wing, between flesh and metal. And for the first time she can remember, Kendra feels...

...whole.

SORRY, KINDA LOST CONTROL OF THINGS AT THE END THERE.

NO, IT'S FINE. I FEEL... **GREAT**, ACTUALLY. WHAT DID YOU DO?

ALLOWED YOUR BODY TO CLAIM YOUR WINGS.

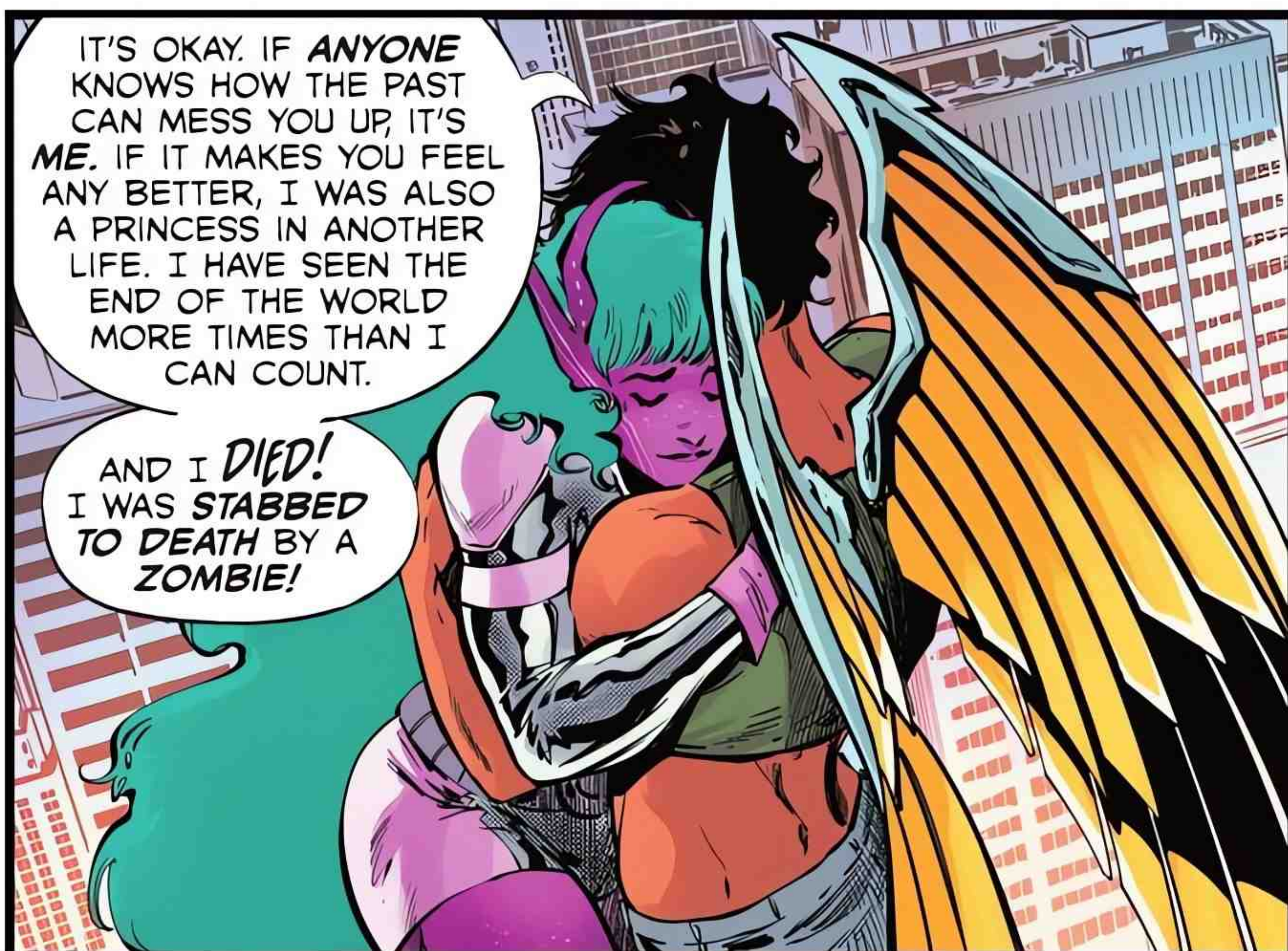
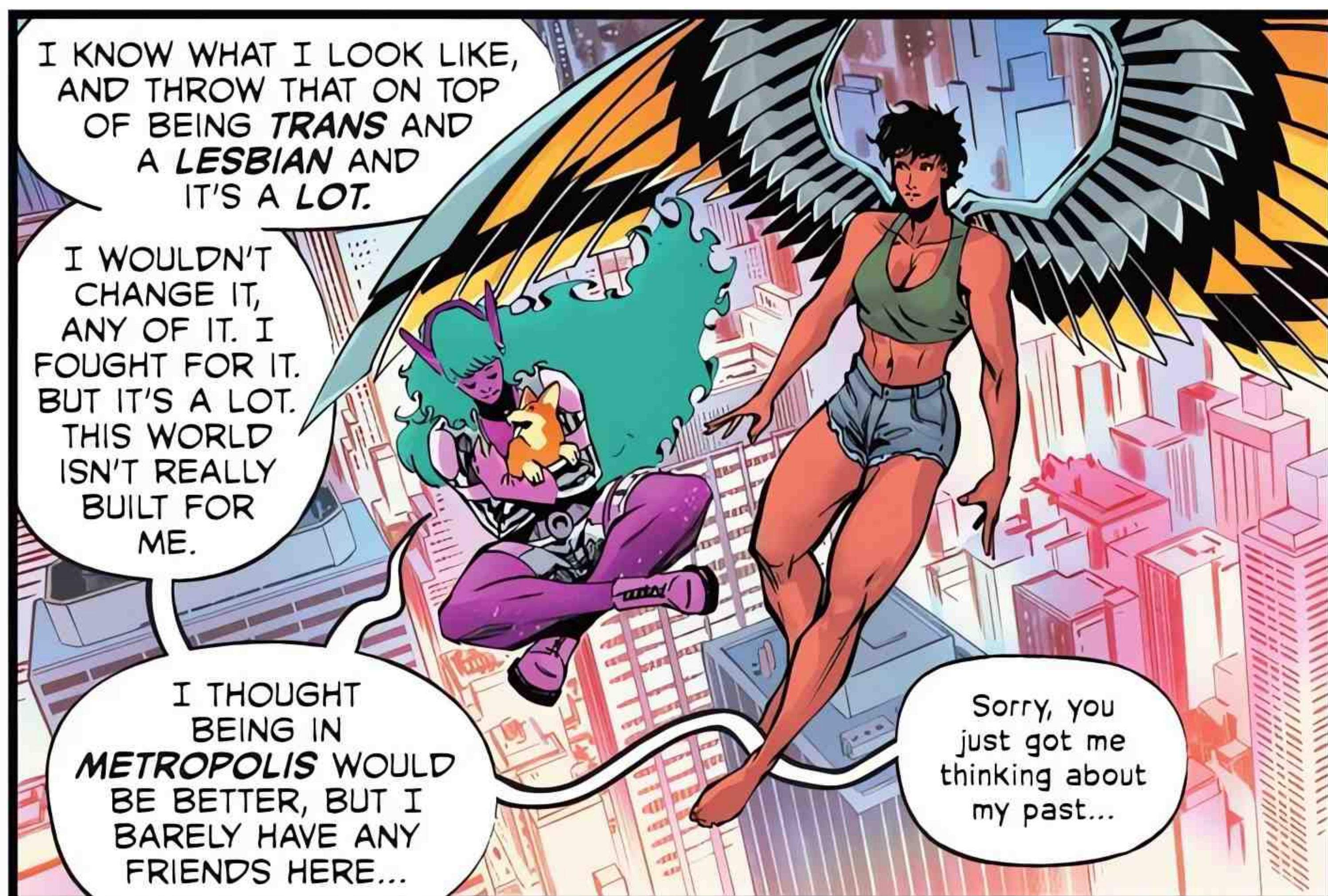
THE ENERGY THAT MAKES UP NTH METAL AND YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM ARE STRANGELY COMPATIBLE?

IF ANOTHER ATTACK HAPPENS, WE WON'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS.

Oh heavens, I certainly hope not.

WOW. I CAN **FEEL** THEM. HOW IS THAT EVEN **POSSIBLE**? How can...?

Did your **dog** just talk?





THIS IS ME.

GIRL! WHAT DO YOU DO FOR MONEY?

HEY, KENDRA, IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT, LIKE, THERE'S NOT A SUPER-VILLAIN ATTACKING THE CITY OR ANYTHING, KAT AND I WERE GOING TO GO TO **PLANET X** TO CELEBRATE HER ACING HER EXAM.

IT'S A BAR, NOT FAR FROM OUR PLACE. YOU SHOULD COME, IF YOU'RE NOT BUSY.

ONE OF MY PAST LIVES WAS A **PRIVATEER**, AND SHE HAD A WHOLE STASH OF **SPANISH GOLD** BURIED IN THE CARIBBEAN. I DUG IT UP AND HAVE BEEN LIVING OFF THAT.

Not like anyone is going to use it after me.

I **DO** OWE YOU A DRINK FOR SAVING MY LIFE.

I SAVED YOUR LIFE TWICE. YOU OWE ME **TWO** DRINKS.

I'LL THINK ABOUT IT.

WAIT... I NEED TO TELL YOU. THIS MORNING, I **NOTICED** SOMETHING. THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE OF YOU THAT **PROTECTS** YOU. KEEPS YOU FROM HARM.

THAT'S **GOOD**, ISN'T IT?

THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT **ELSE** IT'S KEEPING YOU FROM.

I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

YOU'RE COMING?!

Maybe.

Bendra Saunders
is used to *order*.



Her grandfather instilled that in
her. Everything in a particular
place, so you can find it easily.



Keep small routines
sacred, so that you're
not torn asunder
when calamity strikes.

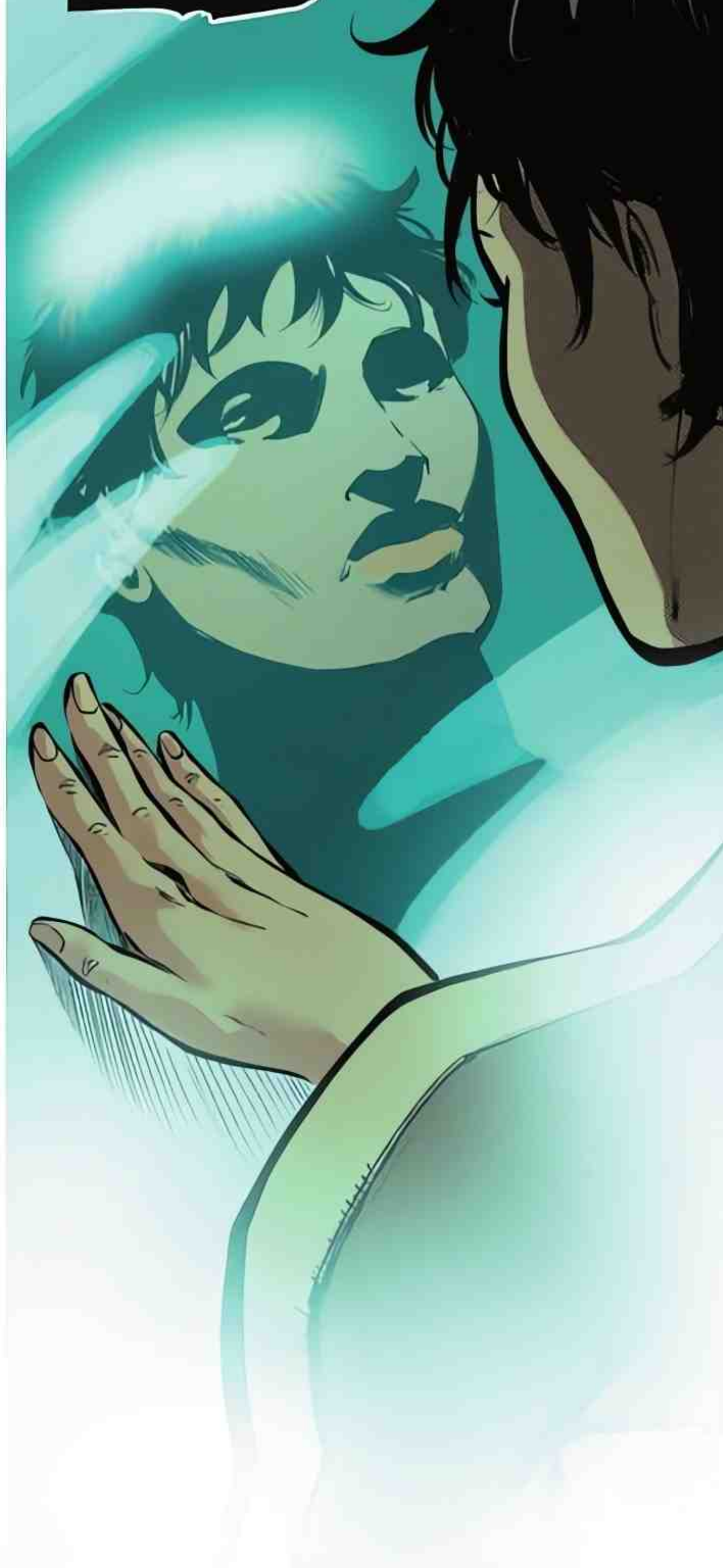


It's good advice. Brush your
teeth. Do your exercises.
Go to sleep and wake up at
the same time every day.

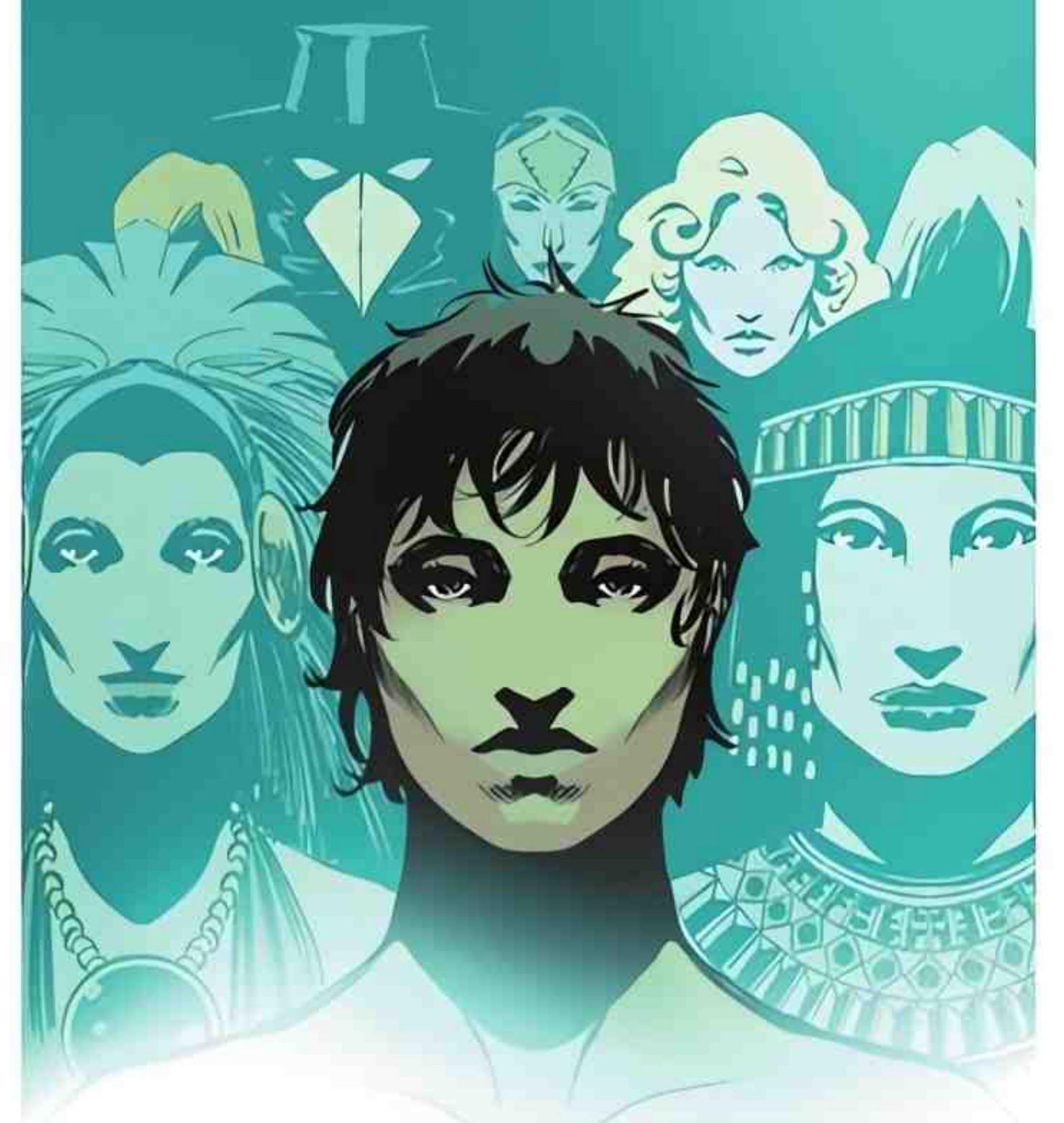
Keeps your life warm
even if you're barely in it.



What if she
broke those
routines?



What if she went to
a bar she'd never been
to before with people
she barely knows?



Who would she be then?





THAT'S
IT, CYRIL!
SNIFF OUT
THAT NTH
METAL!

Wulpecula is used to
getting what she wants.

There was a time when all it
would take would be the right
words in the right order.

A subtle knife of syllables,
slid in so carefully that a mark
would give her anything she
wanted and never realize.



But the time for
talking is over.



Now is the
time for
taking.



COME ON!
ONE DANCE--
THEY'RE PLAYING
MUNA!

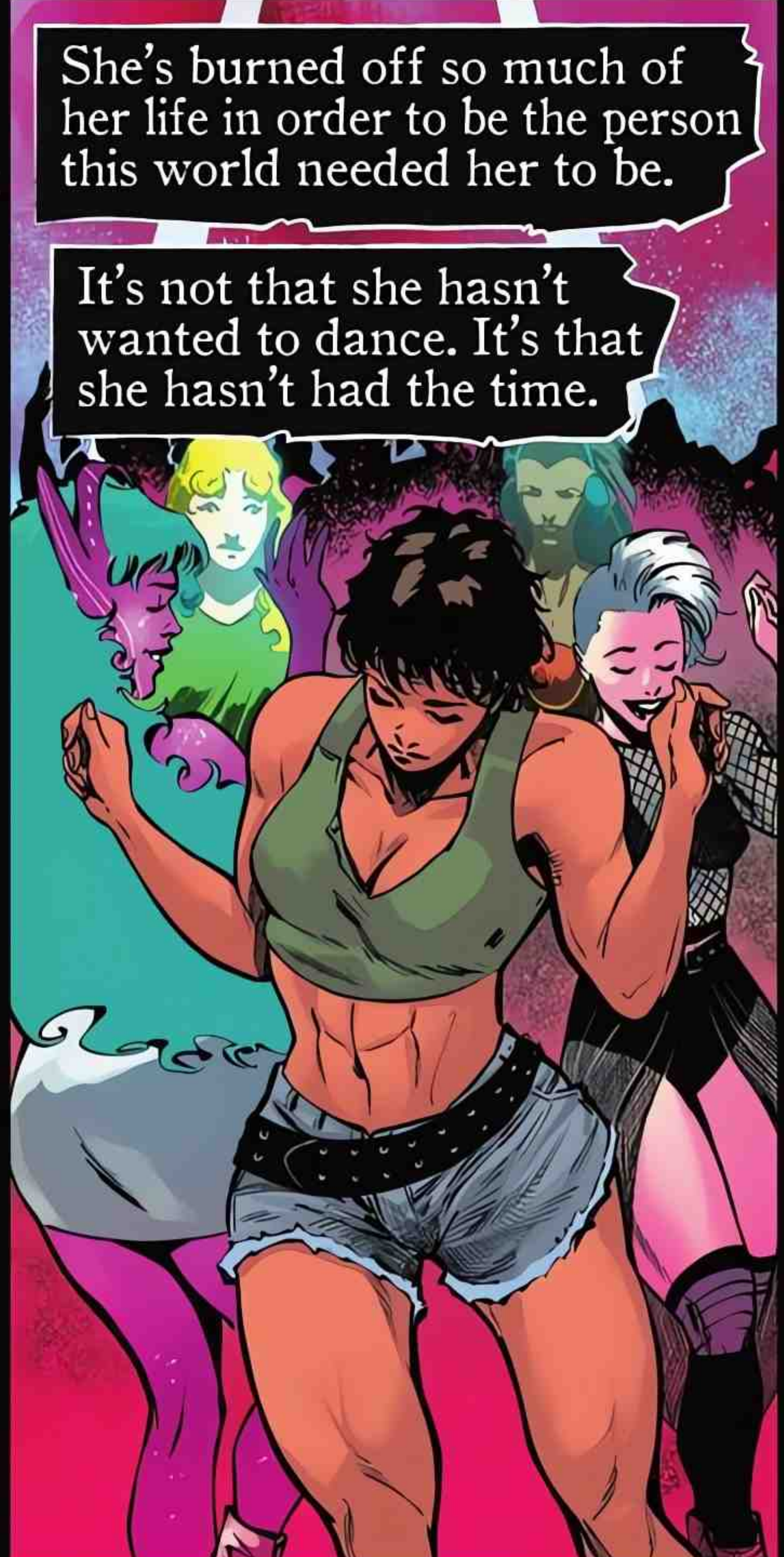
Okay, okay.
ONE DANCE.

I CAN
WATCH YOUR
BAG.

Wendra is not
used to dancing.

She used to do it a
lot. But somehow,
with all the threats
to the world and the
general danger of
existing with wings
on your back,
she stopped.

It feels...*childish*.
A memory of how
she used to live.

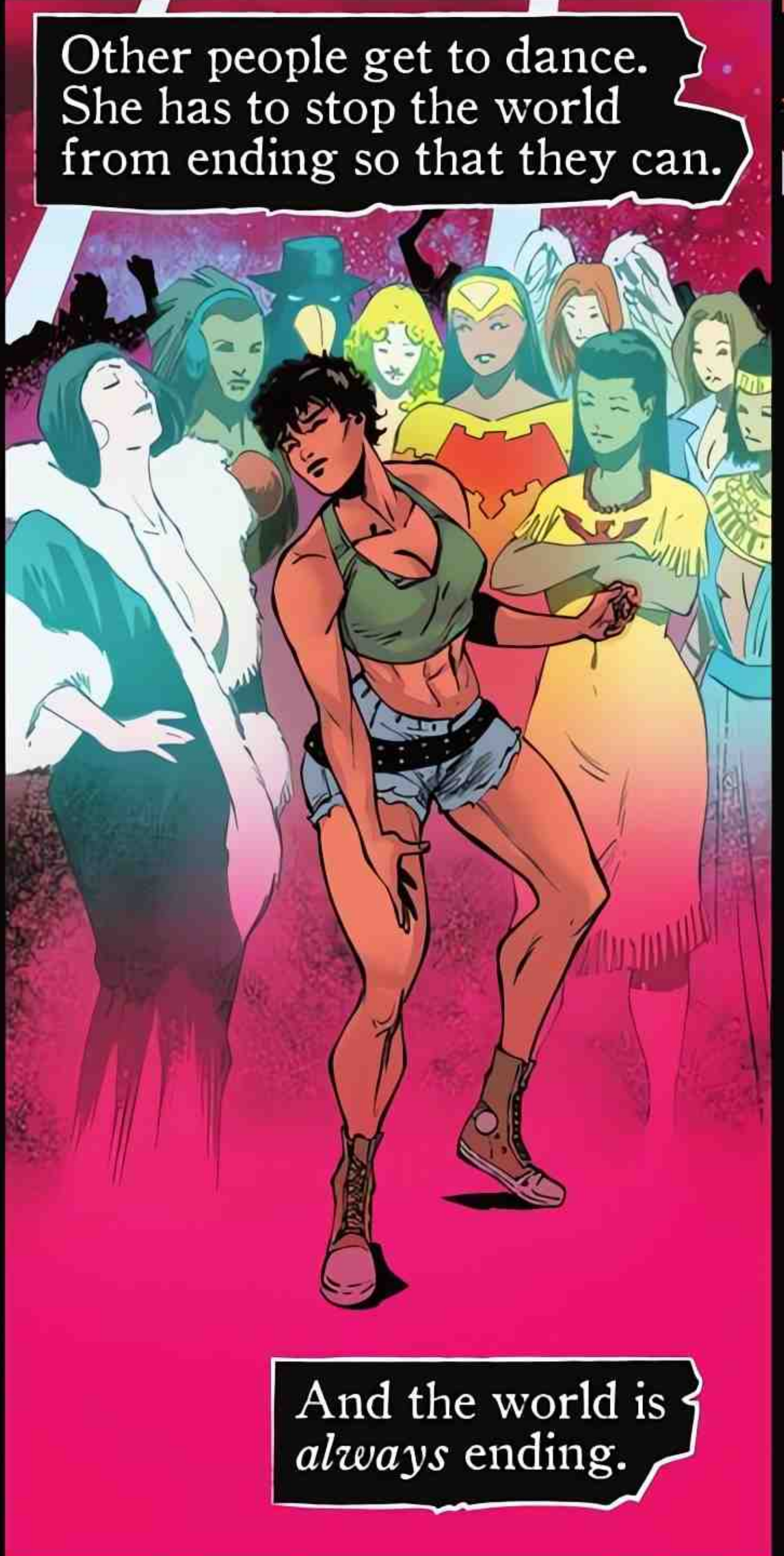


She's burned off so much of
her life in order to be the person
this world needed her to be.

It's not that she hasn't
wanted to dance. It's that
she hasn't had the time.



There's *always* a threat.
There's *always*
someone in trouble.



Other people get to dance.
She has to stop the world
from ending so that they can.

And the world is
always ending.

But it hasn't ended yet.

What if, before the world was done, she didn't fight or fly?

What if she took one song--three minutes, that's not long, three minutes--to dance?

Three minutes for her, and her alone.

To be with herself.

Without the weight of responsibility.

Without the weight of history.

Without any weights at all.



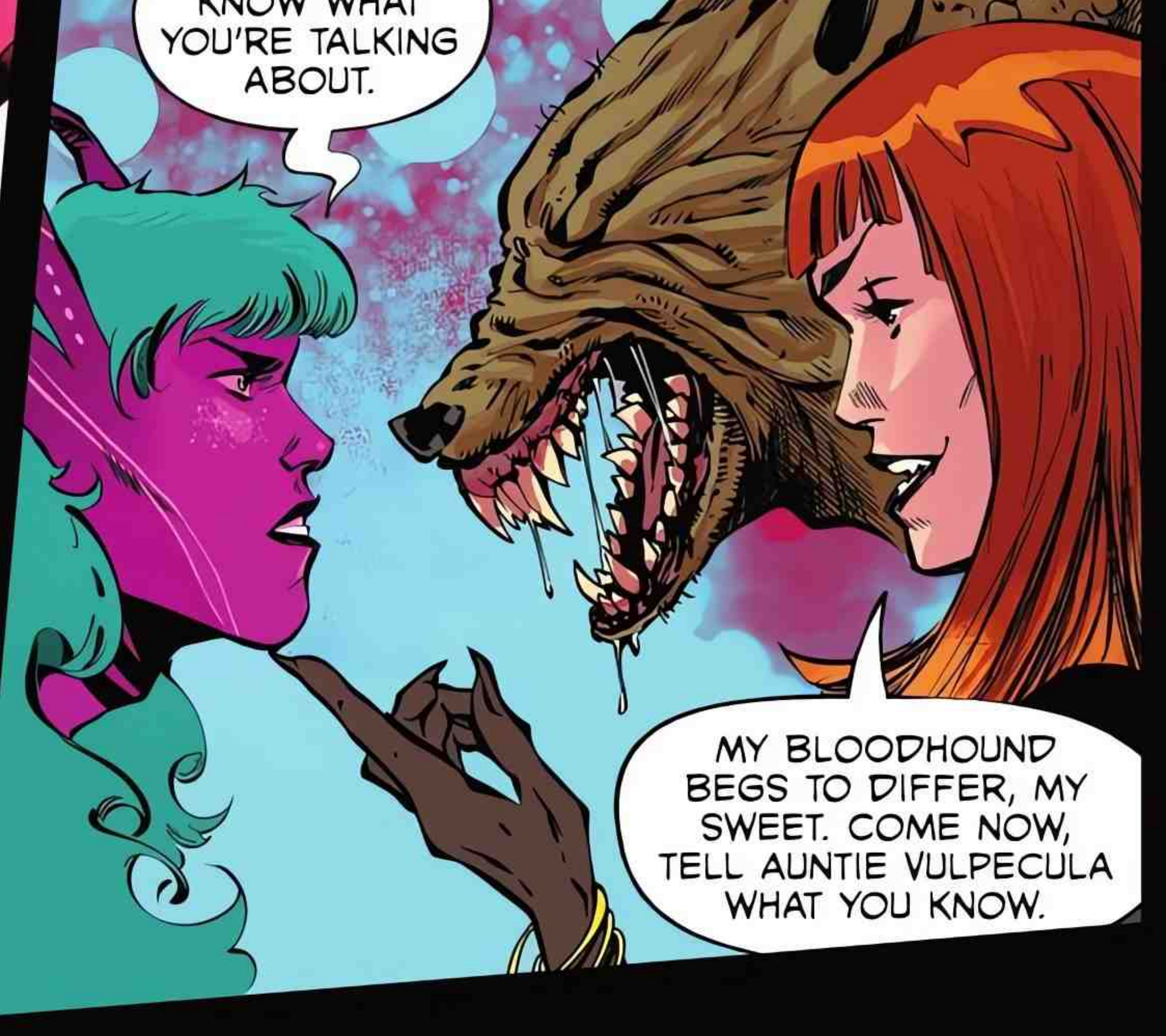
MAY I
HAVE YOUR
ATTENTION?!

I DO NOT WISH
TO TAKE UP TOO
MUCH OF YOUR TIME.
I'M CERTAIN YOU
HAVE **MANY** SWEATY
GYRATIONS TO
ACHIEVE THIS
EVENING.

MY ASSOCIATES
AND I ARE ON THE HUNT
FOR NTH METAL. AND
CAN I SAY, THIS PLACE
ABSOLUTELY **REEKS**
OF IT.

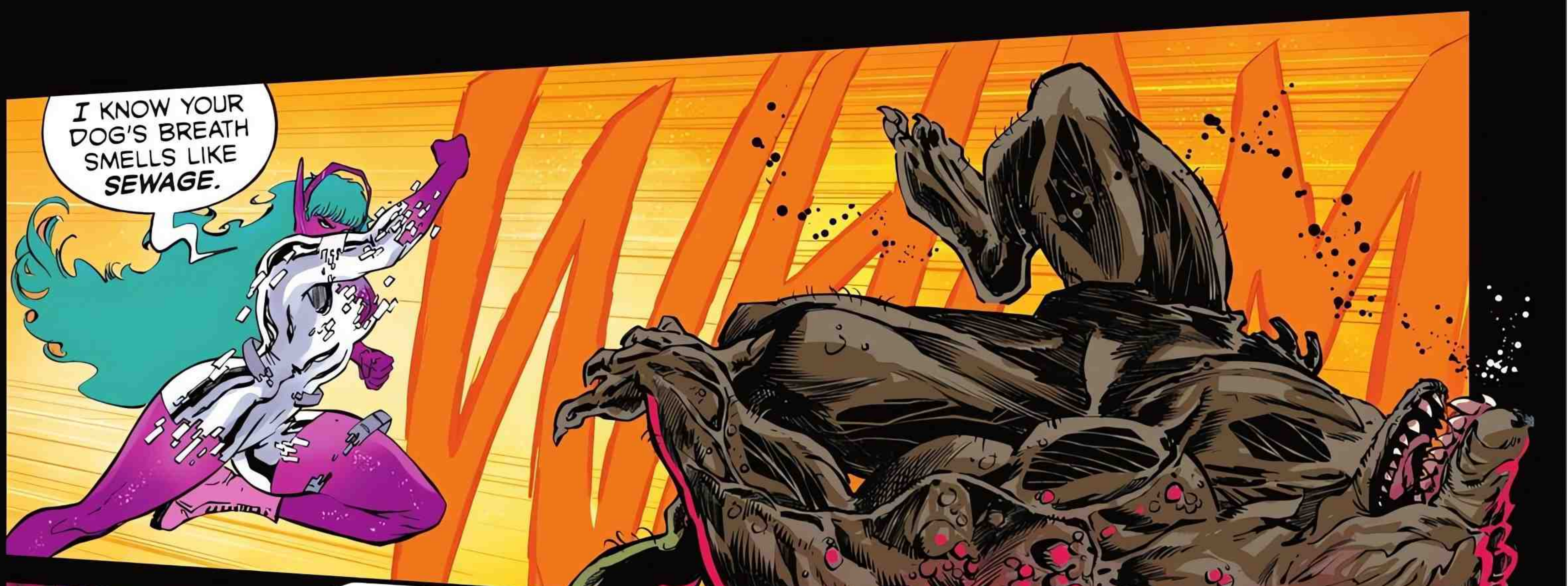


STUPID!
STUPID!
STUPID!
WHY DIDN'T I
TAKE MY SUIT
UPSTAIRS?!



I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT.

MY BLOODHOUND
BEGS TO DIFFER, MY
SWEET. COME NOW,
TELL AUNTIE VULPECULA
WHAT YOU KNOW.



I KNOW YOUR
DOG'S BREATH
SMELLS LIKE
SEWAGE.



C'MON,
HURRY! LET'S
GO, PEOPLE!
YOU DO **NOT**
WANT TO BE IN THE
CROSS FIRE OF
WHATEVER IS
GOING ON.



I ALSO KNOW WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN YOU
ROB A PUNCH OF
ALL ITS **KINETIC**
ENERGY.

NOTHING.



NOW CHECK OUT
THE REVERS

AAHHH



DO ALL YOUR LITTLE
PARTY TRICKS REQUIRE
CONCENTRATION?
A PITY.

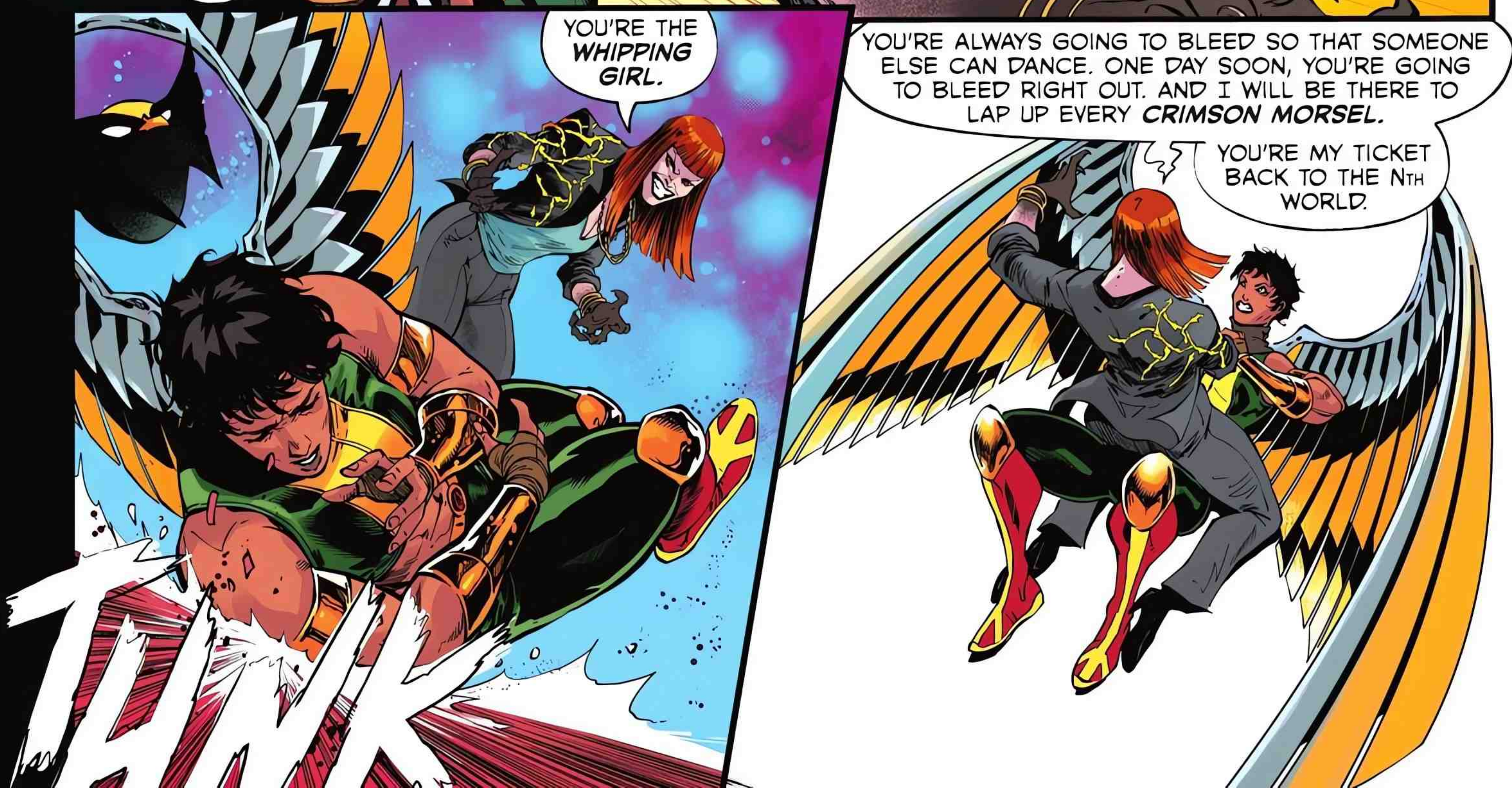
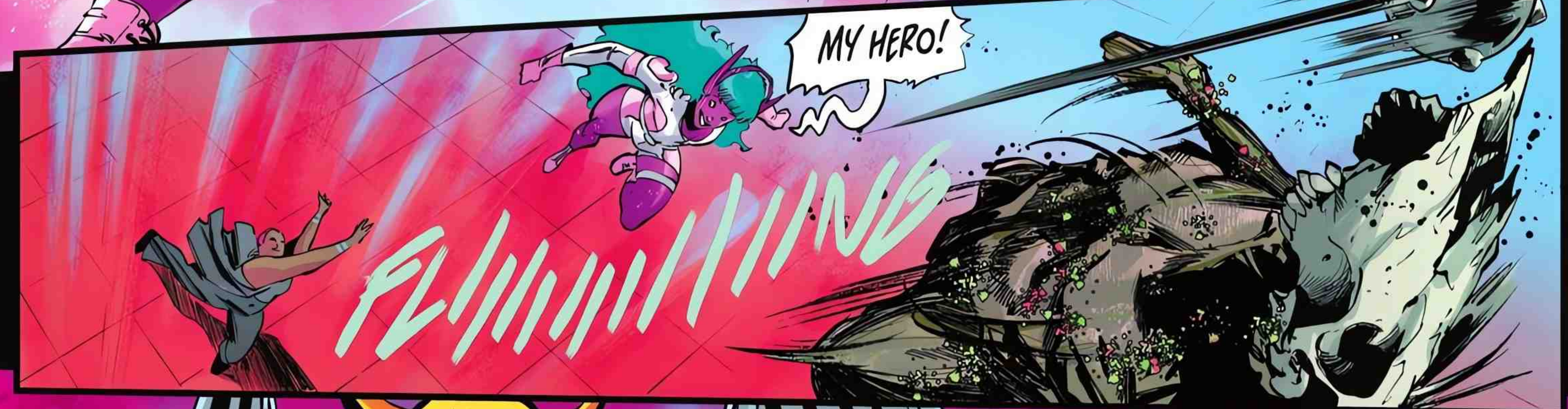
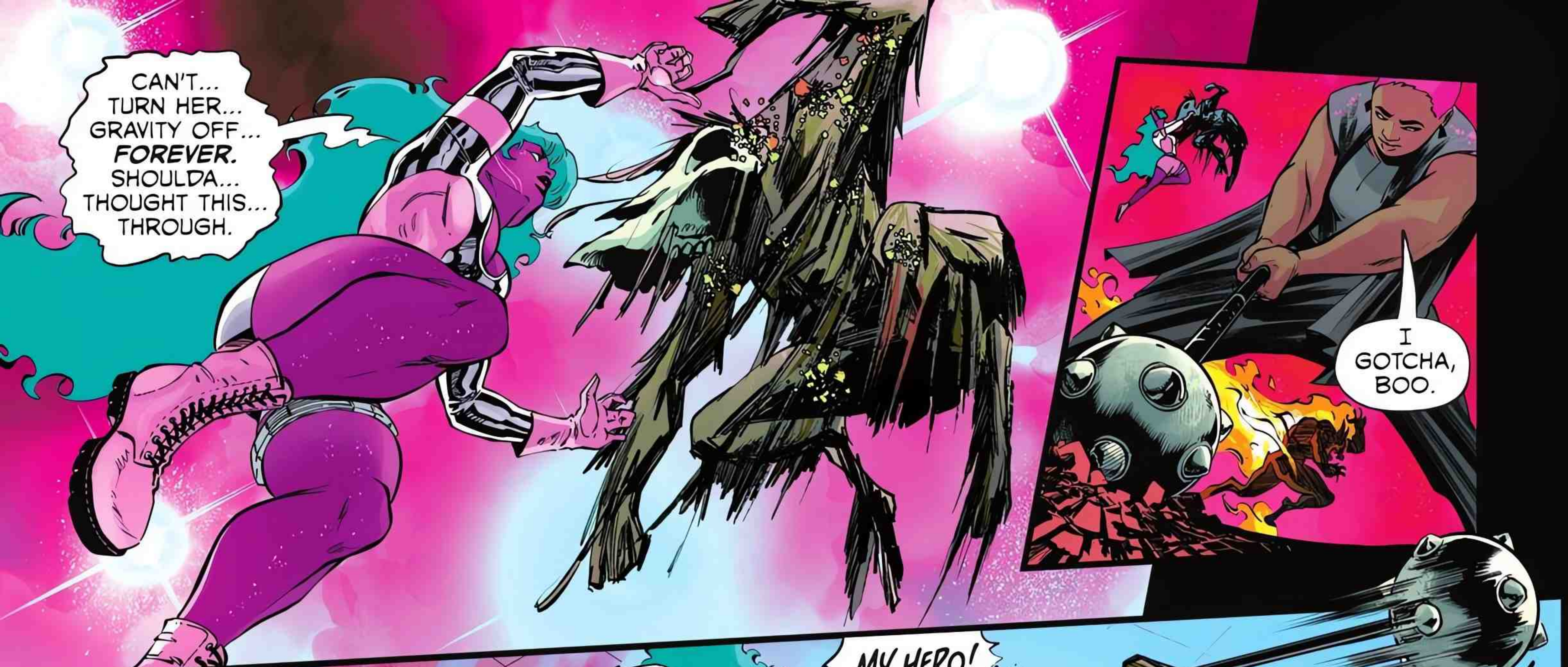
AND YOU
WERE PUTTING
ON SUCH A
GOOD SHOW,
TOO.

NO ONE'S GOING
TO SAVE YOU NOW, YOU
SILLY LITTLE CONFECTION.



I DON'T
KNOW--







BUT NOT LIKE *THIS*.
YOU'VE GOT TO COME
TO ME. AND YOU
WILL.

OW!

YGGGRRLL



I'LL
BE IN
TOUCH.



GALAXY!
WE HAVE
TO--

KENDRA?



Who are
you?

Next issue:
BAT COUNTRY!

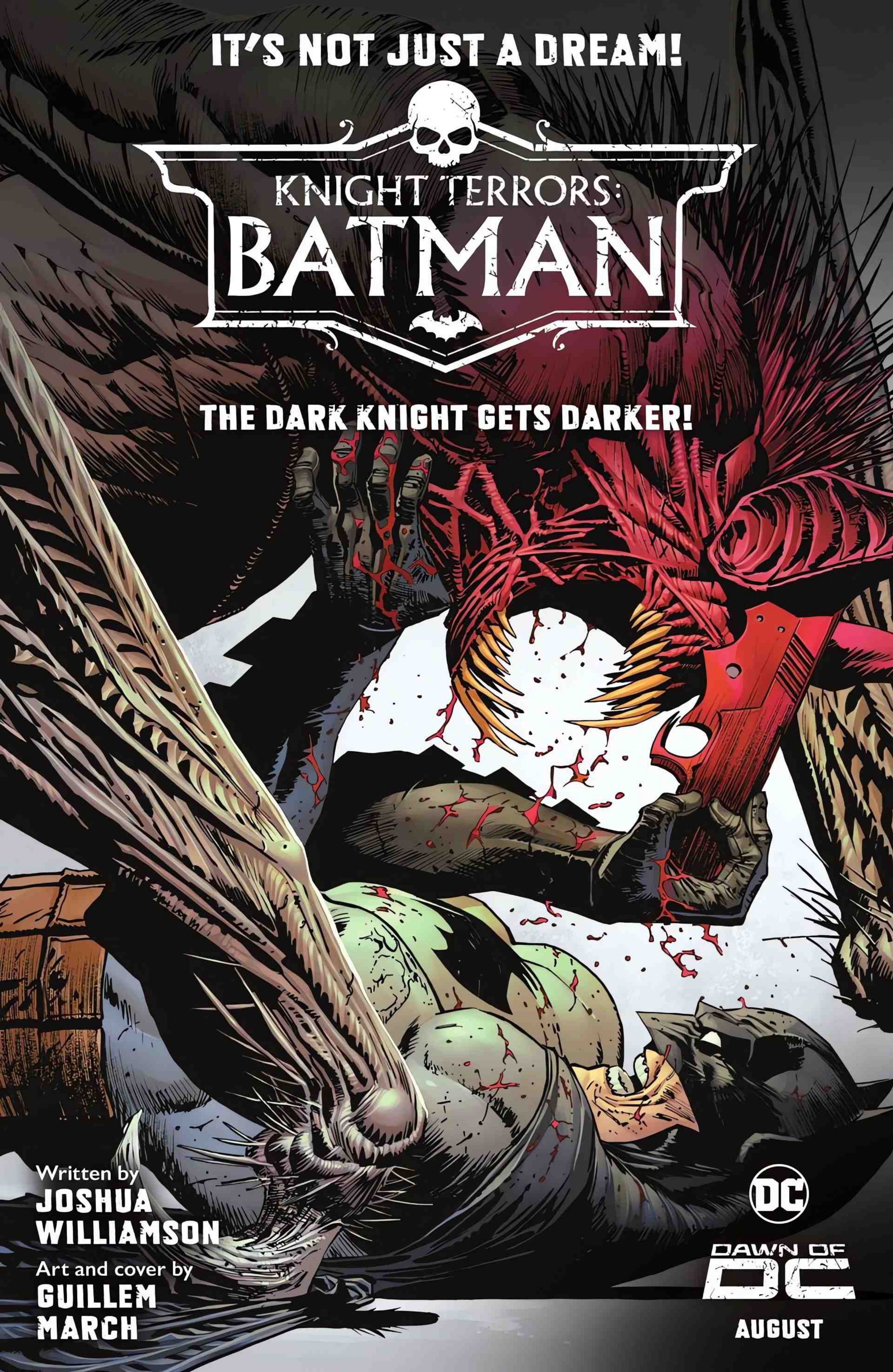
IT'S NOT JUST A DREAM!



KNIGHT TERRORS:
BATMAN



THE DARK KNIGHT GETS DARKER!



Written by
JOSHUA WILLIAMSON
Art and cover by
GUILLEM MARCH



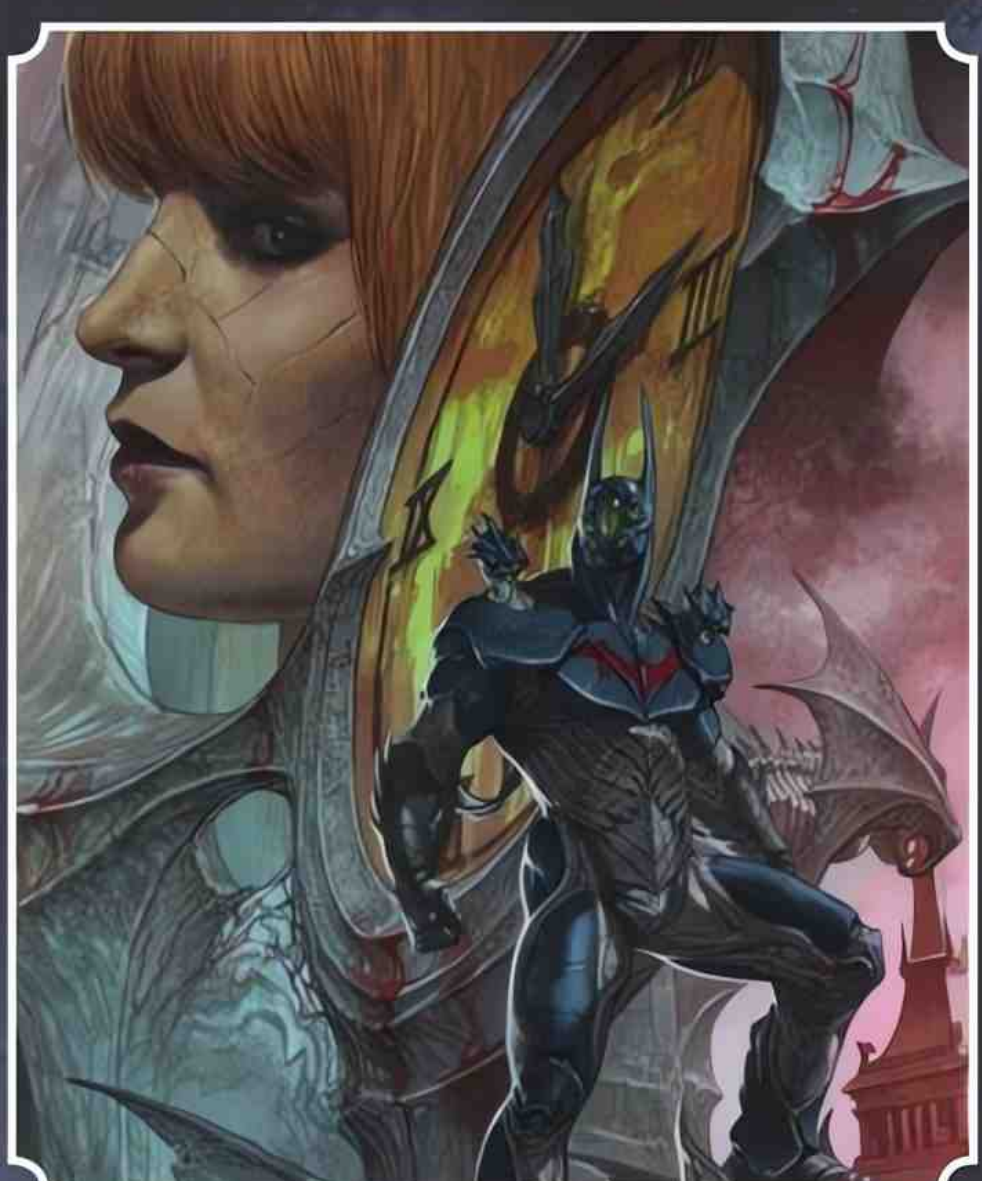
DAWN OF
DC
AUGUST



KNIGHT TERRORS:
DETECTIVE COMICS

**WAKE UP,
JIM GORDON!**

Written by
DAN WATTERS
Art and cover by
RICCARDO FEDERICI





KNIGHT TERRORS:
NIGHTWING

**NIGHTWING'S NIGHTMARE
CONTINUES!**



Written by
BECKY CLOONAN
MICHAEL W. CONRAD
Art and cover by
DANIELE DI NICUOLO



KNIGHT TERRORS:
ROBIN

**LOST IN THEIR
OWN PERSONAL HELLS!**



Written by
KENNY PORTER
Art by
MIGUEL MENDONÇA
Cover by
IVAN REIS

ANGEL MANUEL SOTO

DIRECTOR OF

Blue Beetle



Can you share your journey to becoming director of *Blue Beetle*?

My journey started during the pandemic. I got a call from DC mentioning their interest in producing *Blue Beetle*, and I found myself very impressed with the origin story of this character. I thought it was interesting to do something focused on a kid that looks like me, that speaks like me, that comes from a family very close to mine.

It felt very refreshing to me, so I accepted the challenge, and here we are now.

What's your take on Jaime Reyes as a main character?

Jaime is more than just a relatable character. He's a kid that believed in an idea of progress and is playing by the rules and staying in his lane—and realizes that a lot of things are not like people said they would be.

Life often brings surprises, and to people like him, it's not as easy as go to college, come back, and make a career. He faces that reality of having to deal with existential issues, both within his family and within himself, and navigating the life of a college graduate. We see him encounter this mysterious scarab that chooses him—adding a layer of more problems to his life, not knowing that maybe this is his destiny. And now we go on the journey with him, and now he's going to become the hero we were all waiting for.

Let's go back to the scarab—can you tell us a little more?

The scarab is technology made by a colonizing alien race that was sent throughout the cosmos to land in different places and attach to its host, then dominate that host, before exploiting and obliterating the planet.

But this scarab is not like the others. The host has the capacity to communicate with the scarab and have a symbiotic connection. And this is where it gets exciting between them, and creates an interesting dynamic as a weapon of mass destruction learns how to be a nice person.

DC
Blue Beetle
IN THEATERS AUGUST 18!

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